

COMPUTER SKILLS FOR SENIORS

Fred, a "senior" member of the community had a problem with his computer and after labouring for some time without success, decided to seek the help of young Eric, his 11 year old neighbour.

Eric gave Fred a quizzical look, walked to the computer, clicked a couple of keyboard characters, and solved the problem in less than two minutes.

As he was walking away, Fred called after him, 'So, what was wrong with it?

He replied, 'It was an ID ten T error.'

Not wishing to appear stupid but intrigued by the answer, Fred asked him, 'An ID ten T error? What's that? Just in case I need to fix it again.'

Eric grinned Haven't you ever heard of an "ID ten T" error before?

'No,' Fred replied.

'Write it down,' he said, 'and I think you'll figure it out.'

So Fred wrote down:

ID10T

SOUND TRAVEL ADVICE

Notice from Ministry of Fish and Wildlife in Mozambique

Due to the rising frequency of dangerous and sometimes fatal human/lion encounters, the Ministry of Fish and Wildlife is advising hikers and hunters, fishermen and motorcyclists, and any other visitors who use the out-of-doors for a recreational, or work related function, to take extra precautions whilst in the bush.

We suggest to bushwalkers and others that they wear little brightly coloured tinkly bells, which will give advance warning to any lions that might be close by, so that they are not taken by surprise.

We further recommend to anyone in the outdoors, that they also carry a can of pepper spray to deter any attacking lions should they encounter them. They should also look for any evidence of fresh lion activity and be able to tell the difference between the lion faeces of cubs from that of the adult lions.

The lion cubs' droppings are smaller and contain remnants of berries and fur balls.

Big lion droppings have a strong pepper smell and contain lots of small tinkly bells.

Enjoy your stay in Mozambique.

DOG STORY

A lady drove her car into a crowded parking lot at the local shopping centre. After she parked, she rolled down the car windows to make sure her Labrador Retriever pup, which was lying on the back seat, had plenty of fresh air.

The dog was stretched full-out on the seat and she wanted to impress upon the puppy that it must remain there. She walked backwards towards the kerb pointing her finger and repeating emphatically, "Stay" "Stay" "Now you stay. Do you hear me?" "Stay"

The driver of a nearby car, a pretty young blonde, gave her a strange look and said "Why don't you just put it in 'Park'?"

PLAYING IN SCOTLAND

This is the wording of an actual sign posted at a golf club in Scotland.

1. KEEP BACK STRAIGHT, KNEES BENT, FEET SHOULDER WIDTH APART.
2. FORM A LOOSE GRIP.
3. KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!
4. AVOID A QUICK BACK SWING.
5. STAY OUT OF THE WATER.
6. TRY NOT TO HIT ANYONE.
7. IF YOU ARE TAKING TOO LONG, LET OTHERS GO AHEAD OF YOU.
8. DON'T STAND DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF OTHERS.
9. BE QUIET PLEASE ... WHILE OTHERS ARE PREPARING.
10. DON'T TAKE EXTRA STROKES

WELL DONE. NOW, FLUSH THE URINAL, WASH YOUR HANDS, GO OUTSIDE AND TEE OFF

A FRIENDLY PHARMACIST

A nice looking respectable lady went into the pharmacy, walked up to the pharmacist, looked him straight in the eye and said, "I would like to buy some cyanide."

The pharmacist asked, "Why in the world do you need cyanide?"

The lady replied, "I need it to poison my husband."

The pharmacist was visibly shocked and he exclaimed "Good heavens, I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband, that's against the law."

"I'll lose my licence! They'll throw both of us in jail! All kinds of bad things will happen. Absolutely not! You cannot under any circumstances have any cyanide!"

The lady reached into her purse and pulled out a photograph of her husband in bed with the pharmacist's wife.

The pharmacist studied the picture, looked up at woman and calmly replied, "You didn't tell me you had a prescription."

GOLFING RESEARCH

A recent British study found that the average golfer walks about 900 miles a year.

Further research disclosed that the average golfer drinks 22 gallons of beer a year.

This means that on average golfers get about 41 miles to the gallon.

LITTLE JOHN THE BAPTIST

Johnny's Mother looked out the window and noticed him "playing church" with their cat. He had the cat sitting quietly and he was preaching to it. She smiled and went about her work. A while later she heard loud meowing and hissing and ran back to the open window to see Johnny baptizing the cat in a tub of water. She called out, "Johnny, stop that! The cat is afraid of water!" Johnny looked up at her and said, "He should have thought about that before he joined my church."

ARMY LIFE

This is the text of a letter from a new recruit from Eromanga to Mum and Dad. For those of you not in the know, Eromanga is a small town west of Quilpie in the far south west of Queensland.

Dear Mum & Dad

I am well. Hope youse are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin' on the farm - tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone!

I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, cuz all ya gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack - nothin' Yuz gotta shower though, but its not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing!

At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs but there's no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like wot Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon and by that time all the city boys are bugged because we've been on a 'route march'- geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock

This one will kill me brothers with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin' dunno why. The bullseye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move and it's not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year!

All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target - it's a piece of cake. You don't even load your own cartridges, they come in little boxes, and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo truck when you reload!

Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys though and I gotta be real careful coz they break easy - it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster.

Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got. I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers - he's 6 foot 5, weighs 15 stone and he's three pick handles across the shoulders. As ya know I'm only 5 foot 7, and eight stone wringin'wet but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozier.

This Army life is great, so tell the boys to get in quick, before word gets around about how bloody good it is.

Your loving daughter,

Sheila

RUGBY SUPPORTERS IN NZ

Two boys were playing with a rugby ball on the street outside Eden Park in Auckland , when one was attacked by a vicious Rottweiler dog.

Thinking quickly, the other boy grabbed a stick and wedged it under the dog's Collar, and twisting it he luckily broke the dog's neck and stopped the attack.

A reporter strolling by saw the incident and rushed to interview the boy.

"Young Warrior Fan Saves Friend, " he started writing in his notebook.

"But I'm not a Warriors fan," the little hero replied.

"Sorry, but since we're in Auckland , I assumed you were," and he started again.

"All Blacks Rugby Fan Rescues Friend from Horrific Attack"

"I'm not an All Black fan either!" the boy said.

"I thought everyone in Auckland was either a fan of the Warriors or the All Blacks so what team do you barrack for?" the reporter asked.

"I'm a Roosters follower and a Wallaby fan!" the child beamed.

The reporter sighed, started a new sheet in his notebook and wrote,

"Arrogant Young Delinquent from Australia Kills Beloved Family Pet."

LATE NIGHT STUDIES?

A senior member of the Turrumurra Probus Club is on his way home, when he is stopped by the police in Bobbin Head Road around 2 a.m. He is politely asked where he is going at this early hour of the morning.

The man replies, I am on my way to a dissertation about the deleterious effects on the human body, and the brain, of alcohol, smoking, card playing, snooker, sexual deviations and generally about staying out late."

The officer then asks, " That's a fairly comprehensive range of subjects! Who could be giving that sort of lecture this early in the morning?"

The man replies, "Officer, that lecturer would be my wife."